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BATMAN AND SUPERMAN

inside...



**GREAT BATMAN
AND SUPERMAN
PRIZES
MUST BE WON!**



Every month
No. 40 **£1.25**



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THE HAUNTING

KA-RAAK!

Wayne Manor,
Hallowe'en.
Traditionally a night
when spooks and
hobgoblins are at
large in the
world...

Inside the home of billionaire **Bruce Wayne**, his long-time butler, **Alfred Pennyworth**, served tea.

SOME
STORM, HUH,
ALFRED?

Dick Grayson, an ex-circus performer, now fought crime alongside Batman, as Robin.

ON A NIGHT
LIKE THIS—*SHLUP*—
YOU COULD ALMOST
BELIEVE THERE **ARE**
GHOSTS!

I BELIEVE,
GIVEN SOME OF
YOURS AND MASTER
BRUCE'S MORE, AH,
COLOURFUL
ENEMIES...

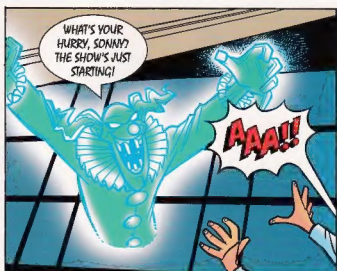
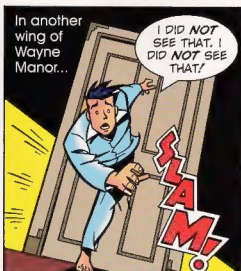
...YOUR
AVERAGE GHOST
WOULD PREFER TO
GIVE THIS PLACE A
WIDE BERTH.

Beneath Wayne Manor...

I THOUGHT
YOU MIGHT LIKE
SOME TEA,
MASTER
BRUCE.

MM? OH...
THANK YOU,
ALFRED.





Each pursued by his own terrifying ghost, Alfred and Dick fled into the night...



RUN, ALFRED!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU, SIR!

...leaving the way clear for an eerily familiar figure to enter unchallenged...



WORKS EVERY TIME. A DOSE OF MY SPECIAL **FEAR TOXIN** FED INTO THE WATER SUPPLY...

...the Scarecrow!



...AND I'M IN!

GHOSTS—HAH! THEY EXIST **ONLY** IN THE MIND!

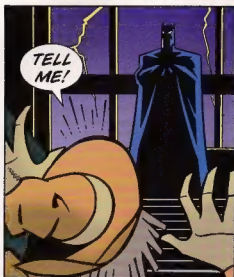
DON'T BE TOO SURE, SCARECROW!



AH! WHO...WHO'S THERE?

WE ALL HAVE OUR PERSONAL GHOSTS, ONES THAT HAUNT US ALWAYS...





Batman had released a sample of the arch criminal's own fear gas, confiscated on a previous case, into the air as the Scarecrow entered the manor.





A swift phone call and a change of clothes later, the police arrived at Wayne Manor to take the Scarecrow into custody.

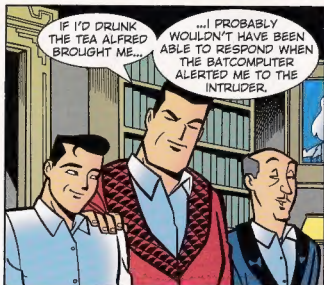


The effects of the tainted water had worn off, and Dick was embarrassed.

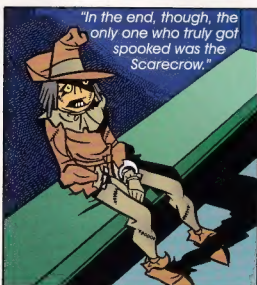


IF I'D DRUNK THE TEA ALFRED BROUGHT ME...

...I PROBABLY WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO RESPOND WHEN THE BATCOMPUTER ALERTED ME TO THE INTRUDER.



"In the end, though, the only one who truly got spooked was the Scarecrow."



THE END

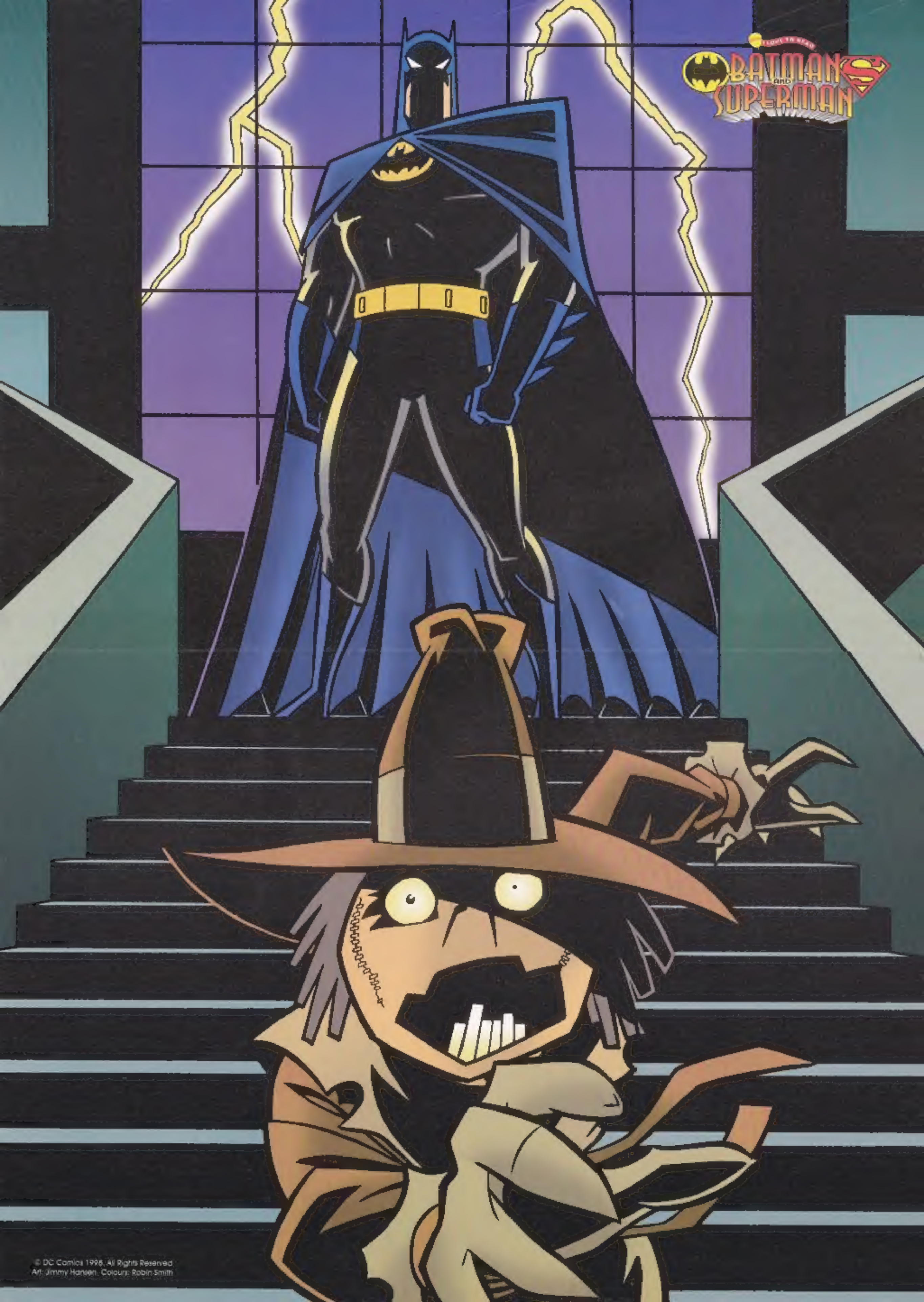
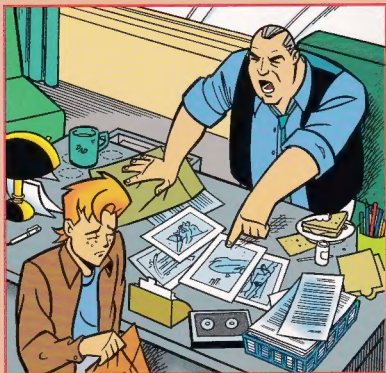


PHOTO FINISH



Jimmy Olsen charged out of the *Daily Planet*'s darkroom, a large envelope tucked protectively under his arm.

Today was going to be his big day. He could *feel* it. He had taken some of the best photographs of his career, and he knew Perry White, the *Daily Planet*'s managing editor, was going to like them. *I'll make the front page today!* he thought with excitement, and rushed to get to Perry's office.

When he arrived in the press room, Lois and Clark looked up from their work. "Perry's not in a good mood," warned Clark, as Jimmy strolled by. "You may want to wait until after lunch to see him."

"Well," Jimmy grinned, "once he sees these photos, he'll be all smiles."

"Now, that's something I'd like to see," Lois chuckled, rolling her eyes.

Jimmy shrugged and knocked lightly on Perry's door.

"What now?" grumbled the managing editor from inside. "Who is it?"

Jimmy breezed into the office casually. "Hi, Chief!"

"Don't call me Chief, Olsen." Perry snapped.

"Sorry!" Jimmy slapped the envelope under the editor's nose. "I've some shots I think you'll really like."

"What of?"

"That banker, Jackie Brinmar, who was proved innocent of embezzlement. I got some shots of her leaving the courthouse—." He stopped, watching as Perry reached to the shelf behind him for another envelope. "What's that?" Jimmy asked.

Perry pulled out some photographs from the second envelope and dropped them on the desk in front of the young photographer. They were photos of the same event, but these photos had been taken by someone else. "I assigned Phillips to the courthouse story," said Perry dryly. "Didn't you see him?"

Jimmy shook his head. He couldn't believe it. "When I heard about the verdict, I thought I could cover it," he mumbled, crushed.

"Well, you thought wrong. Didn't I send you to cover the dog show?"

Jimmy didn't know what to say. Perry had given him that assignment, but the dog show was boring and not front page material. "At least *look* at my photos, Perry. Maybe I got some better shots."

"Maybe." Perry nodded. "But now I have *twice* as many photos for a single news story, when I should have photos for two." He pointed a finger at the youth. "The dog show continues tomorrow. Go and get a good shot of a puppy or two. Then come back to me."

Jimmy nodded and left Perry's office, crestfallen.

Lois noticed his expression as he walked past. "You okay, Jimmy?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Want to talk about it?" said Clark.

"Not really," Jimmy said quickly.

"Maybe later. I've got a big story to cover." Without another word he walked out of the office.

"I wonder what happened," said Lois.

"And I wonder what that big story could be," said Clark with concern.

Slinging his camera bag over his shoulder, Jimmy walked out of the *Daily Planet* building, and kept walking until he reached the river docks. He had been so upset that he hadn't noticed how far he'd walked. Sighing wearily, he took a seat on a crate and watched as longshoremen loaded a ship nearby.

"Hey, don't I know you?" a voice said from behind him.

Jimmy turned to face a large longshoreman who stood above him. He

looked familiar and Jimmy realised the man was one of Lois's informants.

"Sure," said Jimmy. "My name's James Olsen. I work with Lois Lane. You're Bibbo Bibbowski, aren't you?"

"That's right," said Bibbo with a grin. "I help Miss Lane out every now n' then." He squinted hard at the young man. "So, what're you doin' out here?"

Jimmy shrugged. "I was taking a walk, I guess. Looking for a scoop."

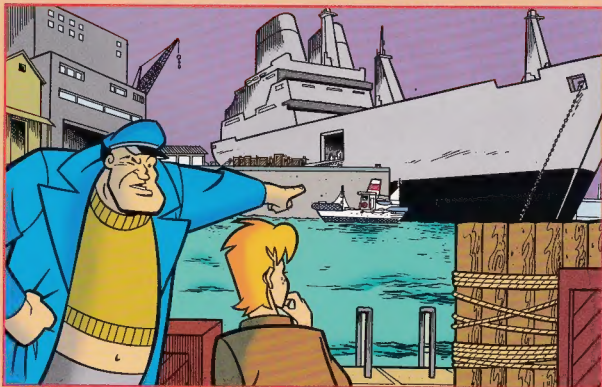
Bibbo looked puzzled by the term. "Ain't seen no scoops," he said, "but I did notice something funny about the *Laurie Lynn* over there." He pointed to a big ship across the water.

Jimmy looked at the ship. "What about her?" he asked.

"They've been loading her, but they ain't hired any of our dock workers to do it. Some of the boys thought about complaining to the union. Anyway, I thought it was peculiar."

It was odd. They could be smuggling illegal goods in or out of the country.

Jimmy decided it was worth investigating.



"Thanks, Bibbo. I think I'll check it out."

"Be careful. These guys seem like bad news, if you know what I mean."

"Thanks, I will."

After Bibbo left, Jimmy gazed at the *Laurie Lynn* for a moment. His eyes then went to the warehouse nearby. On the upper floor was a broken window. It was the perfect place to get some shots of activities on the ship—if he could get inside the building. He walked to the warehouse and slipped around the side of the building, making certain that no one noticed him.

All the doors had been padlocked, but around the back there was an old-fashioned coal chute. It looked like it hadn't been opened in a while, but after tugging on it, Jimmy managed to pull it open. It was wide enough for him to slide into. Glancing around once more to make sure no one was watching, he climbed down the chute and slipped inside the building. He pulled his camera bag behind him.

Jimmy landed at the bottom of the chute in pitch blackness. He pulled his photographer's hand lamp from his bag, switched it on, and found his way to the stairs. When he reached the second floor window, he attached a long telephoto lens to his camera. Through the viewfinder he could see the deck of the ship in perfect close-up. He grinned. Jimmy had a good feeling about this.

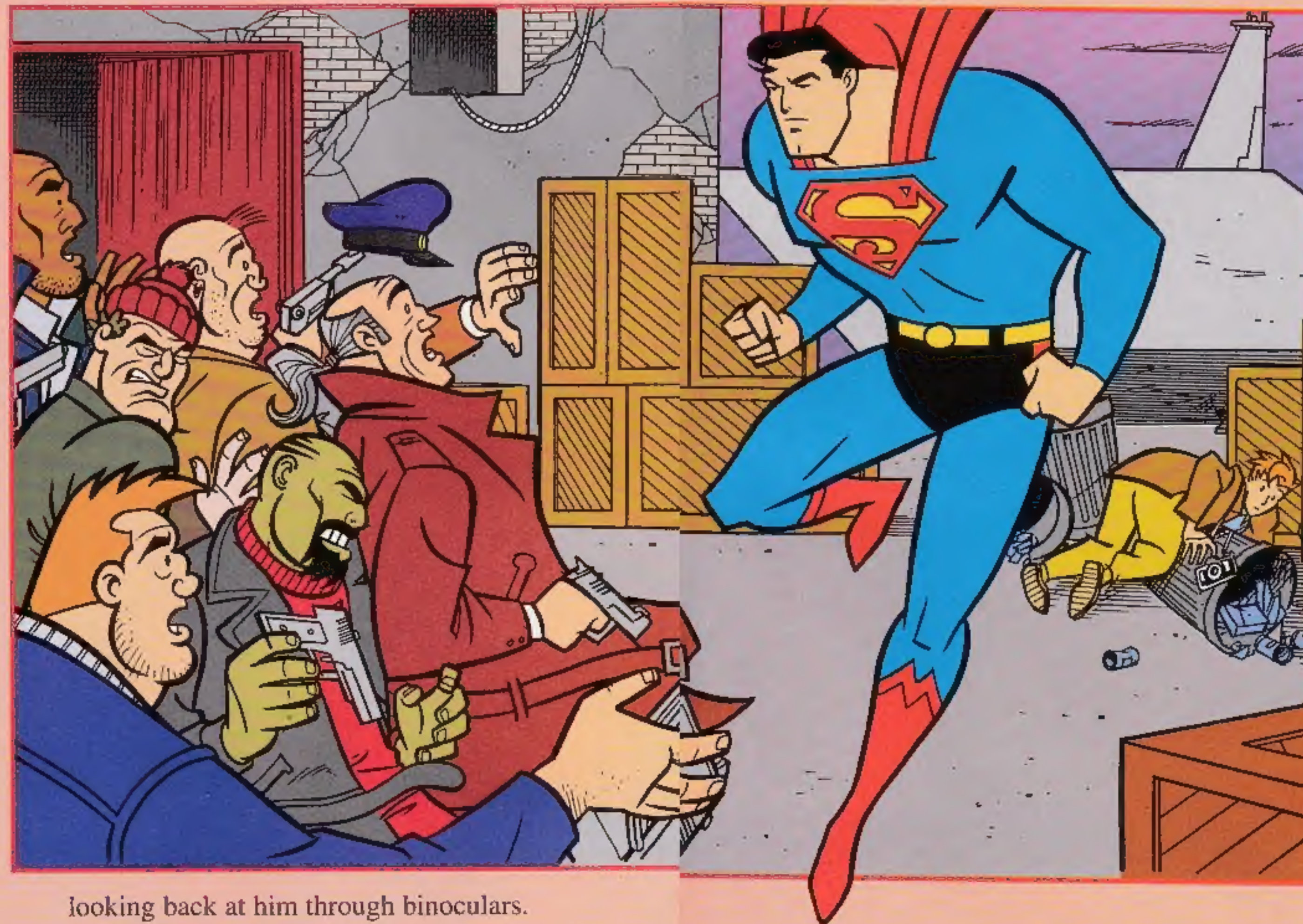
It took a while for something noteworthy to appear. After half an hour a long black car pulled up on the dock outside. Jimmy quickly grabbed his camera. He watched as two men dressed in black, wearing sunglasses and carrying briefcases, stepped out of the car.

"Look like criminals to me," muttered Jimmy.

He followed the men with his lens as they walked into the bridge cabin to meet another man. Once they were inside, Jimmy adjusted the lens to bring the focus even closer through the cabin's window. When he did, he

saw one man opening his briefcase to reveal stacks of money!

Jimmy pressed the camera button, allowing the automatic shutter to take picture after picture with a continual *whhirrrrr* click. As he used up the roll of film, the men on the ship moved slightly to Jimmy's right, and he moved his lens with them. Suddenly, his viewfinder focused on a man on the ship's deck



looking back at him through binoculars.

"Uh oh." Jimmy blinked in the viewfinder. The man took the binoculars away from his eyes with a look of violent anger. He turned to the other men nearby and said something, pointing in Jimmy's direction.

Jimmy quickly twisted the lens off his camera and dropped it into his bag. He pulled out the roll of film, stuffing it in his sock and down into his boot. If they caught him, they may not find it there.

This could be bad, Jimmy thought. He glanced back out the window and saw four men walking quickly towards the warehouse.

"Oh yeah, it's bad." He stuffed the camera in his bag. Below he could hear them unlocking the padlock on the sliding doors beneath him. He was trapped! He couldn't get back to the coal chute.

The only way out was up.

Moving as quietly as possible, he ran to the stairs that led to the roof. Glancing around, he saw a rusty ladder attached to the side of the building that didn't look very sturdy. Realising that his pursuers might have guns, he decided he had no choice but to give it a try.

The young man swung himself out on the ladder and began to climb down. He could feel the metal giving way beneath his weight and he descended even faster. When he reached

a lower level, he jumped to the pavement below and ran.

"There he is!" someone shouted, and a shot rang out. Jimmy felt something hot shoot past his ear. He dodged around a corner and fell over some rubbish bins in his path.

Suddenly a red and blue blur whizzed past him. Jimmy looked back at his pursuers and saw Superman standing between him and the gunmen.

Thanks for the backup, Supes, he thought gratefully. With a wince, Jimmy managed to stand. His knee was hurt, so he hopped over to a nearby pay phone to dial the police. As he spoke to the emergency dispatcher, he watched as Superman rounded up the gangsters.

"You may need a couple of squad cars," Jimmy said, relieved.

The next day, Perry White handed Jimmy a copy of the *Daily Planet* morning edition. On the front page was one of Jimmy's photos along with the headline: **WEAPONS SMUGGLERS CAUGHT IN THE ACT!**

"You got the front page," said Clark. "How do you feel?"

Jimmy shrugged. "Okay, I suppose."

"What's wrong?" said Lois. "I thought you'd be happy!"

The young man sighed. "Yeah. But I realised that it's more important for those criminals to be behind bars."

Perry rested a hand on the young man's shoulder. "That's what I like to hear. All reporters should think that way."

A wide grin grew on Jimmy's face. "Hey, does this mean you're going to let me do my own stories from now on?"

Perry raised an eyebrow. "Get some dog photos first."

Jimmy smiled again. He knew someday Perry would make him a full-time reporter.

It was just a matter of time. . .

THE END